

# Popcorn

## Nobody Beats The Beats

Let's go  
I'm the man but I don't need an anchor  
You wanna get fly meet me at the hanger  
    You wanna pop, pop champagne  
    Boy met the world but I got Topanga  
    I beat it up like danga, danga, danga  
        So slick on the track, Paul Anka  
    What you sour for, you got a canker?  
    Don't hate I don't need that anger  
        Put in the air like partridges  
    Get blown like Nintendo cartridges  
    And we smoke the whole thing, no portioning  
    'Cause we came up from orphans to fortunate  
        Now we're back in your face like cortisone  
        Buck's blunt the size of a cordless phone  
    The beat keep's knocking but no one's home  
We blow up the stage then tour the showMmm, I bet you like that, huh  
    Feet up on your chair, you like that, uh  
        Weed in the air, you like that, uh  
    Don't stare; we don't like that, nah  
        Hmm, I bet you like that, huh  
    Feet up on your chair, you like that, uh  
        Weed in the air, you like that, uh  
    Don't stare; we don't like that, nahNo, ha ha, it's just crazy  
        It's like, it's like rum and coke for my ears  
        Bellemnont style, just smooth  
        Hi Facebook, ha ha  
        Take that

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